
Title: The Infernal Letter

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I had been fishing yet again near the Isle of Magincia (for more on my adventures in fishing, see "Again I Fish" from the Britannian Publishing Company). It had been quite some time since my initial reconassiance of the combined Bane Chosen and Deamonic invasion (for details see "New Magincia Recon" from the Britannian Publishing Company) and I was again on the ground examining the situation. I had seen a massive and relatively unguarded altar on the site of the old moongate, and while my manipulations with it proved to bear fruit it was, unfortunately, the kind of fruit that is also a deamonic assault.

I unleashed crossbow bolts and spells into the fiend and I was forced to take the fight in a hit-and-run fashion, using the speed of my trusty mount and my archery skills to outlast the interloper as I moved ever north towards the beach where the rune library and the headquarters of the Republic of Magincia are settled, a bulwark against the depravity in the southern part of the isle.

It was near the

headquarters for that
Guild that I felled the
fiend by firing an
explosion potion attached
to a crossbow bolt
directly into the mouth
of the beast as it
chanted the fell syllables
of it's dark magic. The
thick skull erupted and
the towering wings
fluttered one last time
as it crashed to the
ground.

Members of the Republic
ran to the scene as I
checked the prodigious
daemon for any clues to
it's origin.

Nothing. The Republicans
and I set into a fevered
discussion of the question
"Why" - namely, why had
the Bane Chosen, and
these deamons, assaulted
the unwanted ruins of
Magincia and destroyed
the moongate?

The opinion of Joanna
Weaver of Magincia was
that they had chosen
Magincia precisely for it's
moongate, and it's lack of
connection to most other
points in Sosaria. Just
as she and I launched
into a detailed analysis of
such a theory - involving
the magical nature of the
Moongates, the drawing of
ley lines, and a
philosophical musing about
the nature of space, we
were assaulted directly by
a fast-moving, highly
aggressive daemon far in
the northern reaches of
the island where the fell
guardians never tread.

To the mighty warrior
Isk, leader of this
repubic, this insult was
too much. He gathered
those there, and with

your hapless author in
tow, moved us towards
the center of the isle.

We fought valiently - or
at least, those members
of the Magincian Republic
did. Isk utilized the art
of bushido as he parried
and evaded the most
dreadful of blows, and
even incoming deamonic
magics, as I let loose
arrows while dispelling
poisons and utilizing
healing magics to keep
the Magincians fighting.
In a matter of long and
exhausting minutes, we
had approached their
tents, dispatching
deamons, dragon riders,
and recruits by the
dozen.

At the tents, they held
the forces at bay,
slaughtering many, as I
looked through the massed
equipment. None of it
seemed particularly
noteworthy, until I found
what I was looking for.
A letter, one corner
covered in the blood of
the man I'd just impaled
with a crossbow bolt then
hit with a Mind Blast. I
looked over it, but alas -
it was in an unknown
code, or else some
language I did not know.
Still, I took the letter,
and we made a quick
escape before the Bane
Chosen could rally a
counterattack.

Deciphering this eldritch
text would prove quite
difficult, and much more
dangerous than your usual
job in inscription and
translation. Would we be
up to it?

Garrett Granth, BPC